

## LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Qualit Sayings and Doings of Little Ones Gathered and Edited Here for Other Little Folks to Read.

### My Baby.

One girl I know who can bestow  
On me the greatest rapture,  
And yet whose heart required no art  
Or skill of mine to capture.  
The welcome me with yowling glees,  
Or, if I should away be,  
Will always yearn for my return,  
She is—my darling baby!

Lips cannot tell the potent spell  
Night, noon, and more there lingers  
Within the clasp—the velvet touch—  
Of baby's tiny fingers.  
A loving wife can brighten life  
In the house love's way be,  
But brighter still, our hearts to fill,  
The sunshine of a baby.

When'er a thought with sorrow fraught  
O'erwhelms my face with sadness,  
Or business cares come unwelcome  
To rob my heart of gladness;  
If in my grief, I seek relief  
In joy that seems may be,  
I find a balm—a soothing calm—  
In thinking of my baby.

Let cynics laugh and idly chaff  
About the love pastoral;  
But I am sure it makes men pure—  
More fit for life eternal.  
There's no delight can reach in height  
What mine can ever try to be,  
When I can see my own baby  
My pretty, little baby.

—New York Record.

### Bert and the Bees.

Bert had three buckets to bring from the spring. They were pretty big buckets, and the spring was at the foot of the hill. The weather was getting warm, and Bert was getting warm, too. He tugged away at one bucket and got it up; then he lay down on the back porch to rest.

"Hello, Bert! Sun's not down yet," said his father, coming into dinner from corn-planting.

"I wish I were a big man," said Bert, "and didn't have to carry water."

"But you would have to plant corn and sow wheat, and out and reap, and thresh, and grind," laughed his father. "I don't mean to work when I am big," grumbled Bert.

"Then you will be a drone," said his father.

"What is a drone?" asked the little boy.

A bee that won't work; and don't you know that the bees always sting their drones to death and push their bodies out of the hives?"

The father went off to wash for dinner, and Bert dropped asleep on the steps and dreamed that the bees were stinging his hands and face. He started up, and found that the sun was shining down hotly on him, stinging his face and hands, sure enough. He hurried down to the spring, and finished his job by the time the horn blew for dinner.

"Father," he asked, while he cooled soap, "what makes the bees kill the drones?"

"God taught them," answered his father, "and one way or another God will make our people uncomfortable, with our might and our hands do is the best rule for little boys and men, and I wouldn't be if I thought of it, too."

### Centennial Match.

Centennial soap. How it would suit to behold a number of these rushing away from soap!



FIGURE 1.

Take some matches in a basin of water the shape of a star, as in illustration No. 2. Take a piece of soap, cut into a point, insert it into the water in the middle of the matches, and let them fly from it in every direction as if in horror. If you wish to bring the matches together again you will treat them as you would children, with a lump of sugar. Dip the sugar in the



FIGURE 2.

water and little bits of wood will come swimming to it as though they yearned for a sip of its sweetness. —Once a Week.

### The Little Darling's Ideas.

A FAMILY on Fourteenth avenue is blessed with olive branches—eight—seven girls and one boy. Recently a new little girl arrived, and the eldest daughter exclaimed in tones of the deepest concern: "Another daughter to carry off! This is awful!" When father and mother were discussing the important question of the name the mother said: "I think, 'I think,' said she, emphatically, 'you had better call her 'Amen.'"

"Papa," inquired the editor's only son, "what do you call your office?"

"Well," was the reply, "the world calls an editor's office the sanctum sanctorum, but I don't." "Then, I guess," said the boy, "the world calls it a sanctum sanctorum, but I don't." —Washington Post.

A VERY tiny small boy of three years is just learning his catechism. "Who made you?" asked his mother. "God," he replied. "What did He make you of?" "I don't know," he replied. "What did He make you of?" "I don't know," he replied. —Philadelphia Chronicle.

Dr. School Faculty  
Dr. School Nurse—Fred  
Dr. School Cook—Harry

I did hit him first, and it didn't do any good. —Life.

"MAMIE," said papa, "won't you have a little piece of this chicken?" "No, thank you," said Mamie. "What's the chicken?" "Oh, yes; I'll have chicken, but I don't want any little piece." —Harper's Young People.

## THE MOORISH STORY-TELLER.

How He Entertains His People with Fanciful Tales of the East.

Hall Caine, the author of "The Deemster" and other novels, has discovered in his travels a Moorish storyteller. The Moorish story-teller is not usually a Moor, properly so-called, but of negro blood, and comes from beyond the Atlas. He is a familiar figure on the Mohammedan holiday, Friday, in the souk, or market place, of Moorish towns. Surrounded by two, three or four lines of listeners, in a semi-circle, he strums on a sort of a guitar, and tells his stories in gasps and spasms and with great fervor. His stories are not always of a kind that bear repetition, but some are harmless; and of that sort Mr. Caine gives, as an example, a story which he himself heard in



MOORISH STORYTELLER.

the souk at Tangier, and had translated to him by a resident. Most of this oral literature of the market place seems to be a sort of apocryphal to the "Arabian Nights." "Once there was a good man, and his name was Ali. He had a Christian captive, a beautiful English girl. Ali was willing to make her his wife if she would become a true believer. Praise the merciful Allah and his prophet the Lord Mohammed! (Story-teller and audience touch their foreheads.) She, on her part, was willing to be Ali's wife if he would become a Christian. One day Ali told her to go down to his stable under his house and saddle his favorite horse.

"When she got to the stable the horse lifted both its forefeet and struck her down. For a time she was insensible, and when she recovered consciousness she took the blow of the horse as a proof of her unbelief in the true God and his prophet, Allah, save and bless us. Ali touched her forehead again. So she went up to Ali and told him she believed and would become his wife. Then Ali said: 'Go down again and saddle my horse.' She went down, and the horse struck her again. Once more she returned to Ali. 'You were not a true believer,' said Ali; 'go down again.' Yet again she went down to the stable, and then Ali's favorite horse suffered her to saddle him, and she brought him to Ali, and Ali married her, and she was a true believer forever after. (Story-teller stops to make a collection; a good number of copper coins are handed to him, then he resumes.)

Now we leave Ali and go far away into the desert. There was a fight between a good Moor and a great Christian chief. The Moor had a beautiful wife, and the Christian killed him and took his wife and rode away with her. And one day he met Ali and challenged him to fight. But Ali had a magic sword, with which he could kill whatever he could see, no matter how far away; so while the chief was boasting Ali drew his sword and swept it in the air. And when the Christian chief cried, 'Come and fight me,' Ali answered him, 'You are dead already, turn yourself round and you shall see.' Then the chief found that he had been cut so clean by Ali's magic sword that he did not know that he was dead. But he fell asunder as he twisted about and rolled off his horse into the sand. So the Moorish woman whom he had made captive rejoiced, and she looked upon Ali and saw that he was a goodly man and offered herself to him to be his wife. But Ali had got a wife already, even the captive who had once been a Christian. So he would not take the Moorish woman, but gave her to another, and thus all was well and everybody happy. Give thanks to Allah, the merciful and mighty. (More touching of foreheads and another collection.) Then a story of finer flavor, told with infirmity and too obvious pantomime, amid shrieks of laughter from men and women, and little boys and girls.

Wide as the Fates.  
Mrs. Highup—What is the science of your treatment, Dr. Newschool?  
Dr. Newschool (homoeopathically)—It is very simple. We take the poison which produces a disease, weaken it by successive reductions, and administer it in small doses. Like cures like, you know.  
Mrs. Highup (some days later)—What is this new fangled treatment you are using, Dr. Oldschool?  
Dr. Oldschool—It is very simple. We take the poison which produces a disease, weaken it by successive reductions, and administer it in small doses—a mild form of inoculation, you know.  
Mrs. Highup (an hour later)—What is all this rumpus out in the street?  
Dr. Newschool—It's Dr. Oldschool and Dr. Newschool fighting. —New York Weekly.

## HE HAD BEEN TO PENSACOLA.

How a Drummer Turned the Laugh on a Yellow Fever Quarantine Officer.

"It is difficult for a Northerner to appreciate the terror that a rumor of yellow fever creates among the residents of the South," said a commercial traveler recently.

"The last time I was South," he continued, "there were a few supposed cases of the disease in Pensacola, Fla. It was several years ago. In order to protect their citizens from a visitation of the plague the cities of New Orleans and Mobile established a severe quarantine against people coming from Pensacola."

"I was leaving New Orleans with several commercial men, among whom was a great, big, jolly practical joker, a typical commercial traveler, who represented a Troy shirt and collar manufacturer. He was well on toward middle life."

"As the Louisville and Nashville train drew nearer to Mobile and had passed the only available connecting point with Pensacola it was boarded by a quarantine officer."

"He was a thoroughbred Southerner, a man whom you would instinctively call 'Colonel' whether you knew he bore this customary Southern title or not."

"He went through the cars questioning each passenger upon where he had come from, and particularly if he had been anywhere near Pensacola. Finally he reached the Trojan traveler."

"Have you been to Pensacola?" he said.

"The Trojan halted a moment and then said, 'Yes, Colonel. I won't lie about it. I have been to Pensacola.' His companions looked at him in amazement, the Colonel jumped about a foot in the air, while the other passengers in the car started precipitately for the doors."

"Do you know there is a quarantine against that place?" continued the Southerner.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Well you can't stop off at Mobile."

"But I must. I have business there."

"It makes no difference about your business," continued the Colonel, positively. "The Mobile Board of Health has passed resolutions quarantining against Pensacola, and you'll have to continue on this train."

"I won't do any such thing," said the drummer. "I'm going to get off at Mobile. I've got an engagement with Johnnie Strauss, and I wouldn't miss seeing him for a good deal. He expects me."

"I'll tell you what it, my man," answered the quarantine officer, "there's a party of gentlemen on the railroad platform at Mobile armed with shotguns that will look after you if you get off."

"But, Colonel," said the drummer, seeing that the joke had gone far enough, "it can't be as bad as that. It's some little time since I've been to Pensacola."

"How long is it?" queried the Colonel, who had neglected to ask that all-important question.

"Well," replied the other, "I can't exactly recollect the day and month. Perhaps you can assist me. I was in the Union Navy during the war. We had a little affair at Pensacola, and another one right out in Mobile Bay. I do not recollect the date of the Pensacola event. If you do, that was the best, I think, I was ever at Pensacola. It's about twenty years ago now, I think."

"A great shout went up from everyone in the car. The Colonel laughed as loudly as the rest."

"I tell you what it, boys, he said, 'the drums are on me. I want you all to join me at the Battle House bar as soon as ever we reach Mobile.'"

"Then turning to the Trojan he added, 'I'll refresh your memory a little about those affairs at Pensacola and Mobile Bay. I was there myself.' —New York Herald.

### His Mother.

A pathetic story is on the police record of New Orleans, which has a meaning and lesson for every young man and woman.

A grave, middle-aged man, whose appearance indicated refinement and culture, appeared one morning at the Central Police Station, of New Orleans, handed his card to the officer in charge, and asked leave to inspect the prisoners in the woman's ward. The Sergeant, recognizing his name as that of a Western merchant, granted the request.

Among the wretched women awaiting trial was one over sixty years of age, arrested for drunkenness and vagrancy. Her rage and squalor, and the bloated face peering out of white, uncombed hair could not hide the traces of certain dignity of bearing.

The stranger went up to her, looked her in the face and took her hand in his, but she stared at him without recognition, and mumbled drunkenly. He turned away abruptly, unable to speak for a time. Then he said to the Sergeant:

"This is my mother. I will look out for her. She shall never trouble you again."

After the necessary formalities she was released, and he took her away. Her story was a sad and painful one.

Her husband had died when her child was an infant. She had made no effort to support it, but putting it into a Home for Friendless Children, had given herself up to a prodigal life. The boy was adopted by a stranger and taken to California. There he grew up, received a good education, went into business and was successful; but through all these comfortably happy years he felt a restless longing to find his mother, to save her from misery and shame, and make her old age pure and honorable.

He came to the East, and employed agents to find her. It was after long-continued search that he had discovered her, on this morning, among the drunken outcasts of a police court.

The next day, sober and clothed, though not in his right mind, she was taken by her son to his distant home. Whether or not in the little remnant of life that was left to her she reformed her habits, and rewarded his long years of pious self-sacrifice with one gleam of mother's love, there is no record to tell.

But surely each one of us when we read this unfinished story, and think of the love which impelled this man to seek out and care for this degraded woman, simply because she had given him birth, must turn back to our own homes, and ask ourselves how we deal with the woman sitting there, to whom we owe not only life but motherly care and devotion.

Do we repay her in love like to hers? —Youth's Companion.

### Old Mrs. Hemingway.

A story once told by a famous Methodist minister of a member of his flock in Kentucky will be new to many readers.

Brother Jones was a large, florid, pompous man, so wrapped in self-conceit and arrogance as to be almost intolerable to other members of the church. One elder after another had been reprimanded with him upon his monstrous vanity, and reminded him that such pride was unbecoming to a Christian; but he was deaf to hints or rebukes.

At last, after a solemn consultation, it was resolved that the minister should preach a sermon aimed at Brother Jones, and at him only. No word of it was to be applicable to any other man or woman. The rebuke was to be so severe that it was hoped he would be cured of conceit for the rest of his life.

The day came. The church was even more than ordinarily full of people. Many of them had come from curiosity; others hoped to see the vain man, who had often treated them in a supercilious manner, chagrined and mortified. Some of the more tender-hearted of the congregation stayed at home, not wishing to witness his humiliation.

The sermon began. Brother Jones, with a complacent expression of face, disposed himself to listen. The man's infirmity was sketched with bold, severe strokes. He smiled with lofty superiority. As the denunciation grew more scathing, his smile deepened with a touch of complacent pity. At the conclusion of the services he swaggered down the aisle. One of the elders joined him.

"What did you think of the sermon, Brother Jones?" he ventured to ask.

"A great effort, sir! But personal. The pastor aimed his shots too directly. Poor old Mrs. Hemingway! I feel sorry for her. But really that woman's conceit is enormous, sir!"

"We are all ready to give over the rebukes intended for ourselves to some Mrs. Hemingway."

It is not uncommon in insane asylums for a patient to believe that all his companions are mad, while he alone is sane.

Another singular peculiarity of human nature is that we are most keen in detecting in others the very faults which are worst in ourselves.

If we would learn our own defects we must compare ourselves, not with our acquaintances but with the One perfect model given to the world for all time. —Youth's Companion.

### Plan for Success.

Save a part of your weekly earnings, even if it be more than a quarter of a dollar, and put your savings monthly in a savings bank.

2. Buy nothing till you can pay for it, and buy nothing that you do not need.

A young man that has grit enough to follow these rules will have taken the first step upward to success. He may be compelled to wear a coat a year longer, even if it be unfashionable; he may have to live in a smaller house (than some of his young acquaintances); his wife may not sparkle with diamonds, nor be resplendent in silk or satin, just yet; his children may not be dressed as dolls nor poppays; his table may be plain but wholesome and the whiff of the beer or champagne cork may never be heard in his dwelling; he may have to get along without the earliest fruit or vegetables; he may have to adjourn the theater, the club room, and the gambling hall, and to reverence the Sabbath day and read and follow the precepts of the Bible instead; but he will be better off in every way for this self-discipline. Yes, he may do all these without detriment to his manhood, or health, or character. True, empty-headed folks may sneer at him and affect to pity him, but he will find that he has grown strong-hearted and brave enough to stand the laugh of the foolish. He has become an independent man. He never owes anybody, and so he is no man's slave. He has become master of himself, and a master of himself will become a leader among men, and prosperity will crown his every enterprise.

Young man! life's discipline and life's success come from hard work and early self-discipline; and hard-earned success is the sweeter at the time when old years climb upon your shoulders and you need propping up. —Typographic Artist.

### Hair-Dressing in France.

Frenchwomen devote a good deal of time to the question of hair-dressing, and wisely so; for in good truth, however well-dressed a woman may be, she looks nothing unless she is bien coiffe; and however elaborate the arrangement, beauty has principally to be considered. The classic style adapted to the shape of individual heads is the leading idea, and soft curls and marcelles fill up the intervening space between the forehead and the crown of the head. An easy coiffure is a closely-curved front, at the root of the hair combed to the sides of the head, and there twisted into a coil surmounted by two horizontal masses of hair arranged in a semi-circular fashion to adapt themselves to the coil, and to show above the head in front. So much depends on the length of the hair; but in any way is to wave the hair behind the ears, and bring that to the back. You never in Paris see a Frenchwoman with a knob of hair pinned carelessly where it penetrates the natural extremities of the head; nor do they, when they have passed the hey-day of youth, drag sparse hairs from the temple. I do not advocate French hair-dressing for English heads, but the dwellers in Great Britain would do well to study French modes and adapt them to their own idiosyncrasies. —Cassell's Magazine.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

### THE BRIDE.

The worst looking woman at the average wedding is the bride. Brides always look wan and pale from overwork and worry, and we never saw a bride whose clothes fit her, although she has done nothing but worry about them for months. If veils ever look well on brides, we have never seen a bride who used one to good advantage. —Atlantic (Kan.) Globe.

### AMTRNA HAS LOTS OF PRETTY GIRLS.

The greatest attraction of Smyrna, Asia Minor, is its supply of remarkably pretty girls. They are mainly of Greek descent, and dress extremely well. During the afternoons and evenings these damsels emerge from their residences, and may be seen in great numbers on the long sea wall that forms the chief promenade, and in the numerous open air cafes. —Boston Herald.

### REDUCTION RESPECT FOR WOMAN.

How many people know that among the Bedouin Arabs respect for woman is so great that at her command the cimeter uplifted to strike must fall harmless. A murderer or a thief cannot be touched if he is under the protection of a woman, and the right of her power to pardon is recognized so completely that in some tribes, where the women never appear before the men and have their own separate tents, the thief who is being pursued can save himself by getting close to the tent and calling out, "I am under the protection of a harem!" As this is very loudly said the women hear it and they call out together, "Fly from him!" And that man, even if he has been condemned to death by the Prince himself, is pardoned at once and can go at large. —Boston Transcript.

### THEY DUST FOR A LIVING.

There are several women of good families in New York who are professional dusters. Dusting has almost risen to the dignity of a fine art in these days of bric-a-brac, portieres, draperies and carved furniture. To the average parlor maid it is either an unknown or a lost art, and she has no more respect for a cloisonne vase than for one of plebeian china.

The women engaged in this pursuit are retained for certain days and do their work thoroughly. It can readily be imagined that a woman of refinement is much better adapted to perform these duties than the crude and clumsy maid-of-all-work, who flips her duster about in the most reckless manner among the costly articles of bric-a-brac and embroidered hangings. —New York Recorder.

### WOMEN PRACTICE ORATORY.

An exceedingly clever and original Washington lady has organized a club of six scarcely less interesting women than herself, who call themselves the Society for the Encouragement of After-dinner Toasts and Speeches. Once a month they meet by invitation at the house of a member, and in elegant toilets discuss a subject. Then any woman may be called upon to rise and talk for at least five minutes on a topic of interest, or respond to any toast proposed. No rearrangement of phrases is permitted, the object intended being the cultivation of the art of impromptu and graceful speaking in response, controversy, or acknowledgment. Needless to say, no men are permitted to be present, the entire charming programme being carried out for the ladies' private delectation and cultivation. —Chicago Herald.

### RAINBOW BAZAARS.

Rainbow bazaars are not a novelty on this side of the water, but one held recently in Yarmouth, England, was especially artistic and may afford some hints for summer charitable efforts. The flower booth was hung in gray and the women serving there wore gray gowns—a neutral tint against which the many-colored flowers stood out. For the art booth a rich yellow was selected for drapery and the dresses of those in attendance were gorgeous with gold trimmings. Heliotrope showed at the pottery stall, olive green was the setting of the refreshment booths, and at the basket stall warm terra cotta brightened the monotonous effect of the wares. A parcels office in the centre of the hall was presided over by young women dressed as near like brown paper as possible with string pastosement by way of ornament. —New York Times.

### GIRL WITH THE CRUMPLED HAIR.

The girl with the crumpled hair is very fashionable nowadays. And nine times out of ten she is a blonde. Have you noticed that? If so, do you know the reason? Blonde hair, being naturally finer than black, is easier crimped and stays crimped longer. Besides, when the hair is cut short, the neck is exposed to view, and the skin of a blonde possesses a peculiar whiteness which renders its exposure attractive. This, in addition to the prevailing neckless waist, is the occasion for the blonde girl with the crumpled hair. Her rival is the semi-brunette, that is to say, the girl with the black hair, gray eyes, and a complexion like alabaster. Given a head of crumpled black hair, a big black head with black plumes, a black dress with a necklace looking, and you have the zingiest girl of the summer who will run a close race with her sister, the blonde. —New York Press.

### AMATEUR MONEY MAKING.

The greatest mistake which amateur money-makers are guilty of is to use too many materials. Simplicity is the first thing to be aimed at in making a bonnet. A great many English ladies have taken lessons in millinery classes for the purpose of producing themselves in the

tails of this work so that they can manufacture their own hats. It is somewhat astonishing to discover how trifling is the cost of the materials of a very costly bonnet. There are very few bonnets sold at \$15 and \$20 which cost the manufacturer more than one-fifth that sum. Out of the enormous profit of 300 or 400 per cent. must be counted the price of an establishment in Broadway or Fifth avenue, the wages of expert trimmers and forewomen, which range from \$25 to \$30 a week, and of the army of small employees. So it happens that the business of the fashionable retail milliner is not altogether the bonanza it might seem. The bills of fashionable customers who deal at large millinery establishments, rumor whispers, are hard to collect, and not infrequently they go to protest and judgment before they can be collected. —New York Tribune.

### FOR YOUNG WOMEN WHO TRAVEL.

A little advice to a young lady who may be obliged to travel alone for the first time may not come amiss. In buying her ticket for the trip a young lady should also buy a ticket for her sleeper. It is most convenient to get the berth as near the toilet room as possible. The railroad officials will arrange, if she does not get the entire section, that the other berth is occupied by a lady. The porter will make up the berth whenever she desires. A lady should always provide a loose wrapper of some light, woolen material to sleep in when traveling. When retiring, remove as much of the clothing as is necessary for comfort, and hang it by the berth. It is more convenient and much pleasanter to rise early in the morning and get to the toilet room before there is too great a demand for it. No lady will monopolize the toilet room very long.

When a lady reaches a strange city she should get into the stage that belongs to the hotel to which she wishes to go, get out at the ladies' entrance, go into the reception room and ask to see some one from the office. She should tell the clerk, or whoever comes, what kind of a room she wishes, ask the price of it, and give him her name to register. In dress and demeanor in hotels, etc., a young lady should be scrupulously quiet.

A lady should remain in her own room and not sit alone in public parlors. A lady should send word to the office, by the bellboy, when she wishes to leave the hotel, and a porter will be sent for her baggage, and she will be apprised when the hotel coach is at the door. It is usual to give a "tip" to a porter, a bellboy, a waiter or a chambermaid in return for any small service. —Housekeeper's Weekly.

### FASHION NOTES.

The Egyptian element asserts itself strongly in the color and form of dress decorations.

Jet belts are a novel feature, pointed in the centre, and bordered with a graduated fringe.

Black leather, embroidered with plants, shells and beetles' wings, is new for day gowns.

Pleats and wide Hungarian kilts appear in the late Paris importations for dinner, carriage or church gowns.

Jewel boxes of rock crystal, mounted in silver, are counted among other high art articles that find a place in the boudoir.

"Mourne" is a new bonnet, inspired by the East, with gold wings at the side.

Silver powder-boxes, beautifully chased and decorated with medallion portraits of historical persons, are greatly admired.

Finely watered moire silks in lustrous qualities and delicious art tints are much used by both French and English modistes.

A unique finger ring is a solid diamond heart, surrounded by a diamond crown. This double design also figures as a brooch.

Jackets for young girls are as often loose-frosted as closed, and have closed, round, square, pointed or somewhat flaring collars.

There is a great demand for silver bowls, these dishes being employed for a variety of purposes, as for salads, fruits, cracked ices and desserts.

The skirt is longer than was the fashion last summer for young girls' dresses, and this is in obedience to the caprice now lengthening the dresses of ladies' dresses also.

Gold lace, a few loops of narrow golden brown velvet and sprays of scarlet berries, trim pretty straight-trimmed, low-crowned sailor hats of the new variety and of ready straw.

The dainty and refined chimes, laines and other distinctly "summer" silks seem to have won a permanent place in popular favor, and their adaptability and inexpensiveness assist in retaining it.

Rough chevrons and tweeds will continue to be the choice for traveling dresses, except for those who prefer moire or serge. In the rougher goods a well-wearing fabric is certainly to be found, and one desirable for the tourist.

Tailor-made coats of Poupour lace over white silk linings are elegantly worn at summer weddings and receptions over skirts of Marie Antoinette brocade, flower-strewn Victoria silks, and richly embroidered crepe de Chine.

Children and nonpareil de sois are so alike that their titles are about the only difference in them. They are much used for graduating dresses, and will also be used for summer evening toilets at the various watering places. Paris dress-makers are then for part of youthful bridal gowns over white silk slips.

Some of the handsome black costumes of the season show costly black lace coats in the deep Louis XV. style open over very rich veils of gold embroidered tulle. Some of the veils are of gold-dotted silk net arranged with a bow effect; others are of tulle corded silk striped with gold stripes, these being made of gauze.

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